The day of Doom:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

Of the Great and Last

Judgment.

WITH

A SHORT DISCOURSE

ABOUT

ETERNITY.

Eccles. 12. 14.

For God shall bring every work into Judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

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DISCOURTESY

Judgment

WITH

A DISCOURSE

OF

CHARITY

A Prayer unto CHRIST the Judge of the World.

O Deareſt dread, moſt glorious King;
I'le of thy Juſtice, Judgement ſing:
Do thou my head and heart inſpire
To do't aright, as I deſire.
Thee, thee alone I'le invocate:
For I do much abominate
To call the Muſes to mine aid:
Which is the unchriſtian uſe, and trade
Of ſome that Chriſtians would be thought,
And yet they Worſhip worſe than nought.
Oh, what a deal of Blaſphemy,
And Heatheniſh Impiety,
In Chriſtian Poets may be found,
Where Heathen Gods with Praiſe are crown'd!
They make JEHOVAH to ſtand by,
Till Juno, Venus, Mercury,
With frowning Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
Rule Earth below, and Heav'n above.
But I have learn'd to pray to none,
Save unto God in Chriſt alone.
Nor will I laud, no not in jeſt,
That which I know God doth deteſt.

I reckon it a damning evil,
To give Gods praises to the Devil.
Thou, Christ, art he to whom I pray:
Thy glory fain I would display.
Oh, guide me by the sacred Sprite
So to indite, and so to write,
That I thine Holy Name may praise,
And teach the sons of men thy ways.

The Day of Doom.

I.

STill was the night, ſerene and bright,
when all men ſleeping lay;
Calm was the ſeaſon, and carnal reaſon
thought ſo 'twould laſt for ay.
Soul take thine eaſe, let ſorrow ceaſe,
much good thou haſt in ſtore;
This was their ſong their cups among,
the evening before.

II.

Wallowing in all kind of Sin,
vile Wretches lay ſecure;
The beſt of men had ſcarcely then
their Lamps kept in good ure.
Virgins unwiſe, who through diſguiſe
amongſt the beſt were number'd,
Had clos'd their eyes; yea, and the Wiſe
through ſloth and frailty ſlumber'd.

III.

Like as of old, when men grew bold
Gods threatnings to contemn,
(Who ſtopt their ear, and would not hear
when mercy warned them:
But took their courſe, without remorſe
till God began to pour
Deſtruction the World upon,
in a tempeſtuous ſhower.)

IV.

They put away the evil day,
and drown'd their cares and fears;
Till drown'd were they, and swept away
by vengeance unawares:
So at the last, whilst men sleep fast
in their security,
Surpriz'd they are in such a snare
as cometh suddenly.

V.

For at midnight broke forth a light,
which turn'd the night to day:
And speedily an hideous cry
did all the World dismay.
Sinners awake, their hearts do ake,
Trembling their loyns surprizeth;
Amaz'd with fear, by what they hear,
each one of them ariseth.

VI.

They rush from beds with giddy heads,
and to their windows run,
Viewing this Light, which shines more bright
than doth the noon-day Sun.
Straightway appears (they see't with tears)
the Son of God most dread;
Who with his Train comes on amain
to judge both Quick and Dead.

VII.

Before his Face the Heav'ns give place,
and Skies are rent asunder,

With

With mighty voice and hideous noise,
more terrible than Thunder.
His brightness damps Heav'ns glorious lamps,
and makes them hide their heads:
As if afraid, and quite dismaid,
they quit their wonted steads.

VIII.

Ye sons of men that durst contemn
the threatnings of Gods word,
How cheer you now? your hearts (I trow)
are thrill'd as with a sword.
Now Atheist blind, whose brutish mind
a God could never see;
Dost thou perceive, dost now believe
that Christ thy Judge shall be?

IX.

Stout courages (whose hardiness
could Death and Hell out-face)
Are you as bold now you behold
your Judge draw near apace?
They cry, No, no: Alas and wo!
our courage all is gone:
Our hardiness, (fool-hardiness)
hath us undone, undone.

X.

No heart so bold but now grows cold,
and almost dead with fear:
No eye so dry but now can cry,
and pour out many a tear.

Earths Potentates and pow'rful States,
Captains and men of Might
Are quite abasht, their courage dasht,
at this most dreadful sight.

XI.

Mean men lament, great men do rent
their robes and tear their hair:
They do not spare there flesh to tear
through horrible despair.
All kindreds wail, their hearts do fail:
horrour the world doth fill
With weeping eyes, and loud out-cries,
yet knows not how to kill.

XII.

Some hide themselves in Caves and Delves,
and places under ground:
Some rashly leap into the deep,
to 'scape by being drown'd:
Some to the Rocks, (O senseless blocks)
and woody Mountains run,
That there they might this fearful sight
and dreadful Presence shun.

XIII.

In vain do they to Mountains say,
Fall on us, and us hide
From Judges Ire, more hot then fire,
For who may it abide?
No hiding place can from his face
sinners at all conceal,
Whose flaming eye hid things doth spy,
and darkest things reveal.

XIV.

XIV.

The Judge draws nigh, exalted high
upon a lofty Throne,
Amidst the throng of Angels strong,
Like *Israel's* Holy One.
The excellence of whose Presence,
and awful Majesty,
Amazeth Nature, and every Creature
doth more then terrifie.

XV.

The Mountains smoak, the Hills are shook,
the Earth is rent and torn,
As if she should be clean dissolv'd,
or from her Centre born.
The Sea doth roar, forsakes the shore,
and shrinks away for fear:
The wild beasts flee into the Sea
so soon as he draws near.

XVI.

Whose glory bright, whose wondrous might,
whose Power Imperial,
So far surpass what ever was
in Realms Terrestrial;
That tongues of men (nor Angels pen)
cannot the same express:
And therefore I must pass it by,
lest speaking should transgress.

XVII.

Before his throne a Trump is blown,
proclaiming th' day of Doom:

Forthwith he cries, *Ye dead arise,*
and unto Judgment come.
No sooner said, but 'tis obey'd;
Sepulchres open'd are;
Dead bodies all rise at his call,
and's mighty power declare.

XVIII.

Both sea and land at his command,
their dead at once surrender:
The fire and air constrained are
also their dead to render.
The mighty Word of this great Lord
links body and soul together,
Both of the just and the unjust,
to part no more for ever.

XIX.

The same translates from mortal states
to immortality,
All that survive, and be alive,
in th' twinkling of an eye.
That so they may abide for ay,
to endless weal or woe;
Both the Renate and Reprobate
are made to dye no moe.

XX.

His winged Hosts fly through all Coasts,
together, gathering
Both good and bad, both quick and dead,
and all to Judgment bring.
Out of their holes these creeping Moles,
that hid themselves for fear,

By

By force they take, and quickly make
before the Judge appear.

XXI.

Thus every one before the Throne
of Christ the Judge is brought,
Both righteous and impious,
that good or ill had wrought.
A separation, and diff'ring station
by Christ appointed is
To sinners sad ('twixt good and bad,)
'twixt Heirs of woe and bliss.

XXII.

At Christ's right hand the Sheep do stand,
his Holy Martyrs who
For his dear Name, suffering shame,
calamity, and woe,
Like Champions stood, and with their blood
their Testimony sealed;
Whose innocence, without offence
to Christ their Judge appealed.

XXIII.

Next unto whom there find a room,
all Christs afflicted ones,
Who being chastis'd, neither despis'd,
nor sank amidst their groans:
Who by the Rod were turn'd to God,
and loved him the more;
Nor murmuring nor quarrelling
when they were chast'ned sore.

XXIV.

Moreover such as loved much,
that had not such a tryal,
As might constrain to so great pain,
and such deep self-denial;
Yet ready were the Cross to bear,
when Christ them call'd thereto,
And did rejoyce to hear his voice,
they'r counted Sheep also.

XXV.

Christ's flock of Lambs there also stands,
whose Faith was weak, yet true;
All sound Believers (Gospel-receivers)
whose grace was small, but grew.
And them among an infant throng
of Babes, for whom Christ dy'd;
Whom for his own, by ways unknown
to men, he sanctify'd.

XXVI.

All stand before their Saviour
in long white Robes yclad,
Their countenance full of pleasance,
appearing wondrous glad.
O glorious sight! behold how bright
dust heaps are made to shine,
Conformed so their Lord unto,
whose glory is Divine.

XXVII.

At Christs left hand the Goats do stand,
all whining Hypocrites;

Who

Who for self-ends did seem Christs friends,
but fost'red guileful sprites:
Who Sheep resembled, but they dissembled
(their heart was not sincere)
Who once did throng Christ's Lambs among;
but now must not come near.

XXVIII.

Apostata's, and Run-away's,
such as have Christ forsaken,
(Of whom the Devil, with seven more evil,
hath fresh possession taken:
Sinners in grain, reserv'd to pain,
and torments most severe:)
Because 'gainst light they sinn'd with spight,
are also placed there.

XXIX.

There also stand a num'rous band,
that no profession made
Of Godliness, nor to redress
their ways at all assay'd:
Who better knew, but (sinful Crew!)
Gospel and Law despised;
Who all Christs knocks withstood like blocks,
and would not be advised.

XXX.

Moreover there with them appear
a number numberless
Of great and small, vile wretches all,
that did Gods Law transgress:
Idolaters, false Worshippers,
Prophaners of Gods Name, Who

Who not at all thereon did call,
or took in vain the same.

XXXI.

Blasphemers lew'd, and Swearers shrew'd,
Scoffers at Purity,
That hated God, contemn'd his Rod,
and lov'd security.
Sabbath-polluters, Saints-Persecuters,
Presumptuous men, and Proud,
Who never lov'd those that reprov'd;
all stand amongst this crowd.

XXXII.

Adulterers and Whoremongers
were there, with all unchast.
There Covetous, and Ravenous,
that Riches got too fast:
Who us'd vile ways themselves to raise
t' Estates and worldly Wealth,
Oppression by, or Knavery,
by Force, or Fraud, or Stealth.

XXXIII.

Moreover, there together were
Children flagitious,
And Parents who did them undo
by Nature vicious.
False-witness-bearers, and self-forswearers,
Murd'rers and men of blood,
Witches, Inchanters, and Alehouse-haunters,
beyond account there stood.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

Their place there find all Heathen blind,
that Natures light abuſed,
Although they had no tidings glad
of Goſpel-grace refuſed.
There ſtand all Nations and Generations
of *Adam*'s Progeny, [eſteem'd not
Who Chriſt redeem'd not, who Chriſt
through infidelity.

XXXV.

Who no Peace-maker, no Undertaker
to ſhrowd them from God's Ire
Ever obtained; they muſt be pained
with everlaſting fire.
Theſe num'rous bands, wringing their hands,
and weeping, all ſtand there,
Filled with anguiſh, whoſe hearts do languiſh
through ſelf-tormenting fear.

XXXVI.

Faſt by them ſtand at Chriſt's left hand
the Lion fierce and fell,
The Dragon bold, that Serpent old
that hurried Souls to Hell.
There alſo ſtand, under command
Legions of Sp'rites unclean:
And helliſh Fiends that are no friends
to God, nor unto men.

XXXVII.

With diſmal chains and ſtrong reins,
like priſoners of Hell,

They'r

They'r held in place before Christ's face,
till he their Doom shall tell.
These void of tears, but fill'd with fears,
and dreadful expectation.
Of endless pains, and scalding flames,
stand waiting for Damnation.

XXXVIII.

All silence kept, both Goats and Sheep,
before the Judges Throne:
With mild aspect to his Elect
then spake the Holy One:
My Sheep draw near, your sentence hear,
which is to you no dread,
Who clearly now discern and know
your sins are pardoned.

XXXIX.

'Twas meet that ye should judged be,
that so the world may 'spy
No cause of grudge, when as I judge
and deal impartially.
Know therefore all both great and small,
the ground and reason why
These men do stand at my right hand,
and look so cheerfully.

XL.

These men be those my Father chose
before the worlds foundation,
And to me gave, that I should save
from death and condemnation.
For whose dear sake I flesh did take,
was of a woman born, And

And did inure my self t' endure
unjust reproach and scorn.

XLI.

For them it was that I did pass
through sorrows many a one:
That I drank up that bitter Cup,
which made me sigh and groan.
The Crosses pain I did sustain;
yea, more, my Fathers ire
I underwent, my blood I spent
to save them from Hell fire.

XLII.

Thus I esteem'd, thus I redeem'd
all these from every Nation,
That they might be (as now you see)
a chosen Generation.
What if e're-while they were as vile,
and bad as any be;
And yet from all their guilt and thrall,
at once I set them free?

XLIII.

My Grace to one is wrong to none:
none can Election claim.
Amongst all those their souls that lose,
None can Rejection blame.
He that may chuse, or else refuse,
all men to save or spill,
May this man chuse, and that refuse,
redeeming whom he will.

XLIV.

But as for those whom I have chose
Salvations Heirs to be;
I underwent their punishment;
and therefore set them free.
I bore their grief, and their relief
by suffering procur'd,
That they of bliss and happiness
might firmly be assur'd.

XLV.

And this my grace they did embrace;
believing on my name;
Which Faith was true, the fruits do shew
proceeding from the same.
Their Penitence, their Patience,
their Love, their Self-denial;
In suffering losses and bearing crosses,
when put upon the trial.

XLVI.

Their sin-forsaking, their cheerful taking
my yoke; their charitie
Unto the Saints in all their wants,
and in them unto me.
These things do clear, and make appear
their Faith to be unfeigned:
And that a part in my desert,
and purchase they have gained.

XLVII.

Their debts are paid, their peace is made,
their sins remitted are;

There-

Therefore at once I do pronounce,
and openly declare,
That Heaven is theirs, that they be Heirs
of Life and of Salvation;
Nor ever shall they come at all
to death or to damnation.

XLVIII.

Come, blessed Ones, and sit on Thrones,
Judging the World with me:
Come, and possess your happiniess,
and bought felicitie.
Henceforth no fears, no care, no tears;
no sin shall you annoy,
Nor any thing that grief doth bring,
eternal rest enjoy.

XLIX.

You bore the Cross, you suffered loss
of all for my Names-sake:
Receive the Crown that's now your own;
come, and a Kingdom take.
Thus spake the Judge: The wicked grudge,
and grind their teeth in vain
They see with groans these plac'd on thrones,
which added to their pain:

L.

That those whom they did wrong and slay,
must now their judgment see!
Such whom they slighted and once de-
must of their Judges be! (spighted.
Thus 'tis decreed, such is their meed,
and guerdon glorious: With

With Christ they sit, judging it fit
to plague the impious.

LII.

The wicked are brought to the Bar
like guilty malefactors,
That oftentimes of bloody crimes
and treasons have been actors.
Of wicked men none,
as there to be neglected:
Nor none so high in dignity,
as there to be respected.

LIII.

The glorious Judge will priviledge
nor Emperour nor King:
But every one that hath misdone
doth into Judgment bring;
And every one that hath misdone,
the Judge impartially
Condemneth to eternal wo,
and endless misery.

LIII.

Thus one and all, thus great and small,
the rich as well as poor,
And those of place, as the most base,
do stand their Judge before:
They are arraign'd, and there detain'd
before Christ's Judgement seat,
With trembling fear their Doom to hear,
and feel his angers heat.

LIV.

LIV.

There Christ demands at all their hands
a strict and straight account
Of all things done under the Sun;
whose numbers far surmount
Man's wit and thought: Yet all are brought
unto this solemn trial;
And each offence with evidence,
so that there's no denial.

LV.

There's no excuses for their abuses,
since their own consciences
More proof give in of each mans sin;
than thousand Witnesses.
Though formerly this faculty
had grosly been abused;
(Men could it stifle, or with it trifle,
when as it them accused.)

LVI.

Now it comes in, and every sin
unto mans charge doth lay:
It judgeth them, and doth condemn,
though all the world say nay.
So stingeth and tortureth,
it worketh such distress;
That each mans self against himself
is forced to confess.

LVII.

It's vain, moreover, for men to cover
the least iniquity;

The Judge hath seen and privy been
to all their villany.
He unto light and open sight
the works of darkness brings:
He doth unfold both new and old,
both known and hidden things.

LVIII.

All filthy facts, and secret acts,
however closely done,
And long conceal'd, are there reveal'd
before the mid-day Sun.
Deeds of the night shunning the light,
which darkest corners sought,
To fearful blame, and endless shame,
are there most justly brought.

LIX.

And as all facts and grosser acts,
so every word and thought,
Erroneous notion and lustful motion,
are into judgement brought.
No Sin so small and trivial,
but hither it must come:
Nor so long past, but now at last
it must receive a doom.

LX.

At this sad season Christ asks a reason,
(with just austerity).
Of Grace refus'd, of Light abus'd
so oft, so wilfully:
Of Talents lent, by them mis-spent,
and on their lusts bestown; Which

Which if improv'd, as it behoov'd,
Heaven might have been their own.

LXI.

Of time neglected, of means rejected,
of God's long-suffering,
And patience, to penitence
that sought hard hearts to bring.
Why cords of love did nothing move
to shame or to remorse?
Why warnings grave, and councels have
nought chang'd their sinful course?

LXII.

Why chastenings and evil things,
why judgments so severe,
Prevailed not with them a jot,
nor wrought an awful fear?
Why promises of Holiness,
and new obedience,
They oft did make, but always break
the same to Gods offence?

LXIII.

Why, still Hell-ward, without regard,
they boldly ventured;
And chose Damnation before Salvation,
when it was offered?
Why sinful pleasures and earthly treasures,
like fools they prized more
Than heavenly wealth, eternal health,
and all Christs Royal store?

LXIV.

Why, when he ſtood offring his Blood
to waſh them from their ſin,
They would embrace no ſaving Grace,
but liv'd and dy'd therein?
Such aggravations, where no evaſions
nor falſe pretences hold,
Exagerate and cumulate
guilt more then can be told.

LXV.

They multiply and magnifie
mens groſs iniquities;
They draw down wrath (as Scripture ſaith)
out of God's treaſuries.
Thus all their ways Chriſt open lays
to Men and Angels view,
And, as they were, makes them appear
in their own proper hue.

LXVI.

Thus he doth find of all mankind
that ſtand at his left hand
No mothers ſon but hath miſdone,
and broken God's command.
All have tranſgreſt, even the beſt,
and merited God's wrath
Unto their own perdition,
and everlaſting ſcath.

LXVII.

Earth's dwellers all both great and ſmall,
have wrought iniquity,

And

And suffer must (for it is just)
eternal misery.
Amongst the many there come not any
before the Judge's face,
That able are themselves to clear
of all this Cursed race.

LXVIII.

Nevertheless they all express,
Christ granting liberty,
What for their way they have to say,
how they have liv'd, and why.
They all draw near, and seek to clear
themselves by making pleas.
There Hypocrites, false-hearted wights,
do make such pleas as these.

LXIX.

Lord, in thy Name, and by the same
we Devils dispossest:
We rais'd the dead, and ministred
succour to the distrest.
Our painful preaching and pow'rful teaching,
by thine own wond'rous might,
Did throughly win from God to sin
many a wretched wight.

LXX.

All this (quoth he) may granted be;
and your case little better'd,
Who still remain under a chain,
and many irons fetter'd.

You that the dead have quickened,
and rescu'd from the grave,
Your selves were dead, yet never need
a Christ your Souls to save.

LXXI.

You that could preach, and others teach,
what way to life doth lead;
Why were you slack to find that track,
and in that way to tread?
How could you bear to see or hear
of others freed at last,
From Satans Paws, whilst in his jaws
your selves were held more fast?

LXXII.

Who though you knew Repentance true,
and faith in my great Name,
The only mean to quit you clean
from punishment and blame,
Yet took no pain true faith to gain,
(such as might not deceive)
Nor would repent with true intent
your evil deeds to leave.

LXXIII.

His Masters will how to fulfil
the servant that well knew,
Yet left undone his duty known,
more plagues to him are due.
You against Light perverted Right;
wherefore it shall be now
For *Sidon* and for *Sodom*'s Land
more easie than for you.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

But we have in thy presence bin,
say some, and eaten there.
Did we not eat thy flesh for meat,
and feed on heav'nly cheer?
Whereon who feed shall never need,
as thou thy self dost say;
Nor shall they dye eternally,
but live with thee for ay.

LXXV.

We may alledge, thou gav'st a pledge
of thy dear love to us
In Wine and Bread, which figured
thy grace bestowed thus.
Of strengthening seals, of sweetest meals
have we so oft partaken?
And shall we be cast off by thee,
and utterly forsaken?

LXXVI.

To whom the Lord thus in a word
returns a short reply:
I never knew any of you
that wrought iniquity.
You say y' have bin, my Presence in;
but, friends, how came you there
With Raiment vile, that did defile
and quite disgrace my cheer?

LXXVII.

Durst you draw near without due fear
unto my Holy Table?

Durſt you prophane and render vain
so far as you were able,
Thoſe Myſteries? which whoſo prize
and carefully improve,
Shall ſaved be undoubtedly,
and nothing ſhall them move.

LXXVIII.

How durſt you venture, bold gueſts, to enter
in ſuch a ſordid hue,
Amongſt my gueſts, unto thoſe feaſts
that were not made for you?
How durſt you eat for ſpir'tual meat
your bane, and drink damnation,
Whilſt by your guile you rendred vile
ſo rare and great ſalvation?

LXXIX.

Your fancies fed on heav'nly Bread;
your hearts fed on ſome luſt:
You lov'd the Creature more than th' Creator
your ſouls clave to the duſt.
And think you by hypocriſie
and clothed wickedneſs,
To enter in, laden with ſin,
to laſting happineſs.

LXXX.

This your excuſe ſhews your abuſe
of things ordain'd for good;
And do declare you guilty are
of my dear Fleſh and Blood.
Wherefore thoſe Seals and precious Meals
you put ſo much upon

As things divine, they ſeal and ſign
you to perdition.

LXXXI.

Then forth iſſue another Crew,
(thoſe being ſilenced)
Who drawing nigh to the moſt High
adventure thus to plead:
We ſinners were, ſay they, 'tis clear,
deſerving Condemnation:
But did not we rely on thee,
O Chriſt, for whole Salvation?

LXXXII.

We did believe, and oft receive
thy gracious Promiſes:
We took great care to get a ſhare
in endleſs Happineſs.
We pray'd and wept, we Faſt-days kept,
lewd ways we did eſchew:
We joyful were thy Word to hear,
we form'd our lives anew.

LXXXIII.

We thought our ſin had pardon'd been,
that our eſtate was good;
Our debts all paid, our peace well made,
our Souls waſht with thy Blood.
Lord, why doſt thou reject us now,
who have not thee rejected,
Nor utterly true ſanctity
and holy life neglected?

LXXXIV.

The Judge incenſed at their pretenced
ſelf-vaunting piety,
With ſuch a look as trembling ſtrook
into them, made reply;
O impudent, impenitent,
and guileful generation!
Think you that I cannot deſcry
your hearts abomination?

LXXXV.

You not receiv'd, nor yet believ'd
my promiſes of Grace,
Nor were you wiſe enough to prize
my reconciled face:
But did preſume, that to aſſume
which was not yours to take,
And challenged the childrens bread,
yet would not ſin forſake.

LXXXVI.

Being too bold you laid faſt hold
where int'reſt you had none,
Your ſelves deceiving by your believing;
all which you might have known.
You ran away (but ran aſtray)
with Goſpel promiſes,
And periſhed, being ſtill dead
in ſins and treſpaſſes.

LXXXVII.

How oft did I hypocriſie
and hearts deceits unmask

Befor

Before your ſight, giving you light
to know a Chriſtians task ?
But you held faſt unto the laſt
your own conceits ſo vain :
No warning could prevail, you would
you own deceits retain.

LXXXVIII.

As for your care to get a ſhare
in bliſs, the fear of Hell,
And of a part in endleſs ſmart,
did thereunto compel.
Your holineſs and ways redreſs,
ſuch as it was, did ſpring
From no true love to things above,
but from ſome other thing.

LXXXIX.

You pray'd and wept, you Faſt-days kept,
but did you this to me?
No, but for ſin you ſought to win
the greater libertie.
For all your vaunts, you had vile haunts ;
for which your conſciences
Did you alarm, whoſe voice to charm
you us'd theſe practiſes.

X C.

Your penitence, your diligence
to read, to pray, to hear,
Were but to drown the clam'rous ſound
of conſcience in your ear.
If light you lov'd, vain glory mov'd
your ſelves therewith to ſtore,

That seeming wise, men might you prize,
and honour you the more.

XCI

Thus from your selves unto your selves
your duties all do tend:
And as self-love the wheels do move,
so in self-love they end.
Thus Christ detects their vain projects,
and close impiety,
And plainly shews that all their shows
were but hypocrisie.

XCII.

Then were brought nigh a company
of civil honest men,
That lov'd true dealing, and hated stealing,
ne wrong'd their bretheren:
Who pleaded thus, Thou knowest us
that we were blameless livers:
No Whore-mongers, no Murderers,
no Quarrellers nor Strivers.

XCIII.

Idolaters, Adulterers,
Church-robbers we were none;
Nor false-dealers, nor couzeners,
but paid each man his own.
Our way was fair, our dealing square,
we were no wastful spenders;
No lewd tos-pots, no drunken sots,
no scandalous offenders.

XCIV.

XCIV.

We hated vice, and set great price
by virtuous conversation:
And by the same we got a name;
and no small commendation.
God's Laws express, that righteousness
is that which he doth prize;
And to obey, as he doth say,
is more than sacrifice.

XCV.

Thus to obey, hath been our way;
let our good deeds, we pray,
Find some regard, and good reward
with thee, O Lord, this day.
And whereas we transgressors be;
of *Adam*'s Race were none,
(No not the best) but have confess'd
themselves to have misdone.

XCVI.

Then answered, unto their dread,
the Judge, True piety
God doth desire and eke require
no less than honesty.
Justice demands at all your hands
perfect Obedience:
If but in part you have come short,
that is a just offence.

XCVII.

On earth below where men did owe
a thousand pounds and more,

Could twenty pence it recompence?
could that have clear'd the score?
Think you to buy felicity
with part of what's due debt?
Or for desert of one small part
the whole should off be set?

XCVIII.

And yet that part (whose great desert
you think to reach so far
For your excuse) doth you accuse,
and will your boasting mar.
However fair, however square
your way, and work hath been
Before mens eyes, yet God espies
iniquity therein.

XCIX.

God looks upon th'affection
and temper of the heart;
Not only on the action,
and the external part.
Whatever end vain men pretend,
God knows the verity:
And by the end which they intend
their words and deeds doth try.

C.

Without true faith, the Scripture saith,
God cannot take delight
In any deed, that doth proceed
from any sinful wight.
And without love all actions prove
but barren empty things: Dead

Dead works they be, and vanity,
the which vexation brings.

CI.

Nor from true faith, which quencheth wrath
hath your obedience flown:
Nor from true love, which wont to move
believers, hath it grown.
Your argument shews your intent
in all that you have done:
You thought to scale heavens lofty wall,
by ladders of your own.

CII.

Your blinded spirit, hoping to merit
by your own righteousness,
Needed no Saviour, but your behaviour
and blameless carriages.
You trusted to what you could do,
and in no need you stood:
Your haughty pride laid me aside:
and trampled on my Blood.

CIII.

All men have gone astray, and done
that which God's Laws condemn:
But my Purchase and offered Grace
all men did not contemn.
The *Ninevites* and *Sodomites*
had no such sin as this:
Yet as if all your sins were small,
you say, All did amiss.

CIV.

Again, you thought, and mainly ſought
a name with men t' acquire:
Pride bare the Bell that made you ſwell,
and your own ſelves admire.
Mean fruit it is, and vile, I wis,
that ſprings from ſuch a root:
Virtue divine and genuine
wants not from pride to ſhoot.

CV.

Such deeds as you are worſe than poor,
they are but ſins guilt over
With ſilver droſs, whoſe gliſtering gloſs
can them no longer cover.
The beſt of them would you condemn,
and ruin you alone,
Although you were from faults ſo clear,
that other you had none.

CVI.

Your gold is droſs, your ſilver braſs,
your righteouſneſs is ſin:
And think you by ſuch honeſty
Eternal life to win?
You much miſtake, if for its ſake
you dream of acceptation;
Whereas the ſame deſerveth ſhame,
and meriteth damnation.

CVII.

A wond'rous Crow'd then 'gan aloud
thus for themſelves to ſay;

We

We did intend, Lord to amend,
and to reform our way:
Our true intent was to repent,
and make our peace with thee;
But ſudden death ſtopping our breath,
left us no libertie.

CVIII.

Short was our time; for in his prime
our youthful flow'r was cropt:
We dy'd in youth, before full growth;
ſo was our purpoſe ſtopt.
Let our good will to turn from ill,
and ſin to have forſaken,
Accepted be, O Lord, by thee,
and in good part be taken.

CIX.

To whom the Judge; Where you alledge
the ſhortneſs of the ſpace,
That from your birth you liv'd on earth,
to compaſs Saving Grace:
It was Free-grace, that any ſpace
was given you at all
To turn from evil, defie the Devil;
and upon God to call.

CX.

One day, one week, wherein to ſeek
Gods face with all your hearts,
A favour was that far did paſs
the beſt of your deſerts.
You had a ſeaſon; what was your Reaſon
ſuch precious hours to waſt? What

What could you find, what could you mind
that was of greater haſt?

CXI.

Could you find time for vain paſtime?
for looſe licentious mirth?
For fruitleſs toys, and fading joys
that periſh in the birth?
Had you good leiſure for Carnal pleaſure
in days of health and youth?
And yet no ſpace to ſeek Gods face,
and turn to him in truth?

CXII.

In younger years, beyond your fears,
what if you were ſurprized?
You put away the evil day,
and of long life deviſed.
You oft were told, and might behold,
that Death no age would ſpare:
Why then did you your time foreſlow,
and ſlight your Souls welfare?

CXIII.

Had your intent been to Repent,
and had you it deſir'd,
There would have been endeavours ſeen
before your time expir'd.
God makes no treaſure nor hath he pleaſure
in idle purpoſes:
Such fair pretences are foul offences,
and cloaks for wickedneſs.

CXIV.

Then were brought in and charg'd with ſin
another Company,
Who by Petition obtain'd permiſſion
to make apology:
They argued; We were miſ-led,
as is well known to thee,
By their Example, that had more ample
abilities than we.

CXV.

Such as profeſt we did deteſt
and hate each wicked way:
Whoſe ſeeming grace whil'ſt we did trace,
our Souls were led aſtray.
When men of Parts, Learning and Arts,
profeſſing Piety,
Did thus and thus, it ſeem'd to us
we might take liberty.

CXVI.

The Judge replies; I gave you eyes,
and light to ſee your way:
Which had you lov'd and well improv'd,
you had not gone aſtray.
My Word was pure, the Rule was ſure;
why did you it forſake?
Or thereon trample, and men's Example
your Directory make?

CXVII.

This you well knew, that God is true,
and that moſt men are lyers,

In word profeſſing holineſs,
in deed thereof deniers.
O ſimple fools! that having Rules
your lives to Regulate,
Would them refuſe, and rather chuſe
vile men to imitate.

CXVIII.

But, Lord, ſay they, we went aſtray,
and did more wickedly,
By means of thoſe whom thou haſt choſe
Salvations heirs to be.
To whom the Judge; What you alledge
doth nothing help the caſe,
But makes appear how vile you were,
and rend'reth you more baſe.

CXIX.

You underſtood that what was good
was to be followed,
And that you ought that which was nought
to have relinquiſhed.
Contrariwiſe, it was your guiſe,
only to imitate
Good mens defects, and their neglects
that were Regenerate.

CXX.

But to expreſs their holineſs,
or imitate their Grace,
Yet little car'd, not once prepar'd
your hearts to ſeek my Face.
They did Repent, and truly Rent
their hearts for all known ſin:

You did Offend, but not Amend,
to follow them therein.

CXXI.

We had thy Word, (saith some) O Lord,
but wiser men than we
Could never yet interpret it,
but always disagree.
How could we fools be led by Rules
so far beyond our ken,
Which to explain, did so much pain,
and puzzle wisest men?

CXXII.

Was all my Word obscure and hard?
the Judge then answered:
It did contain much Truth so plain,
you might have run and read.
But what was hard, you never car'd
to know, nor studied:
And things that were most plain and clear,
you never practised.

CXXIII.

The Mystery of Piety
God unto Babes reveals,
When to the wise he it denies,
and from the world conceals.
If to fulfil Gods holy Will
had seemed good to you,
You would have sought Light as you ought,
and done the good you knew.

CXXIV.

CXXIV.

Then came in view another Crew,
and 'gan to make their pleas;
Amongſt the reſt, ſome of the beſt
had ſuch poor ſhifts as theſe:
Thou know'ſt right well, who all canſt tell,
we liv'd amongſt thy foes,
Who the Renate did ſorely hate,
and goodneſs much oppoſe.

CXXV.

We Holineſs durſt not profeſs,
fearing to be forlorn
Of all our friends, and for amends
to be the wicked's ſcorn.
We knew their anger would much endanger
our lives and our eſtates:
Therefore for fear we durſt appear
no better than our mates.

CXXVI.

To whom the Lord returns this word;
O wonderful deceits!
To caſt off aw of Gods ſtrict Law,
and fear mens wrath and threats!
To fear Hell-fire and Gods fierce ire
leſs than the rage of men!
As if Gods wrath could do leſs ſcath
then wrath of bretheren!

CXXVII.

To uſe ſuch ſtrife to temp'ral life
to reſcue and ſecure!

And be so blind as not to mind
that life that will endure!
This was your case, who carnal peace
more than true joys did savour:
Who fed on dust, clave to your lust,
and spurned at my favour.

CXXVIII.

To please your kin, mens loves to win,
to flow in worldly wealth,
To save your skin, these things have been
more than Eternal health.
You had your choice, wherein rejoyce,
it was your portion,
For which you chose your Souls t'expose
unto Perdition.

CXXIX.

Who did not hate friends, life, and state,
with all things else for me,
And all forsake, and's Cross up take,
shall never happy be.
Well worthy they do dye for aye,
who death than life had rather:
Death is their due that so value
the friendship of my Father.

CXXX.

Others argue, and not a few,
Is not God gracious?
His Equity and Clemency,
are they not marvellous?
Thus we believ'd; are we deceiv'd?
cannot his Mercy great, (As

(As hath been told to us of old)
asſwage his angers heat?

CXXXI.

How can it be that God ſhould ſee
his Creatures endleſs pain?
Or hear their groans or rueful moans,
and ſtill his wrath retain?
Can it agre with equitie?
can Mercy have the heart
To Recompence few years offence
with Everlaſting ſmart?

CXXXII.

Can God delight in ſuch a ſight
as ſinners Miſery?
Or what great good can this our blood
bring unto the moſt High?
Oh thou that doſt thy Glory moſt
in pard'ning ſin diſplay!
Lord! might it pleaſe thee to releaſe,
and pardon us this day?

CXXXIII.

Unto thy Name more glorious fame
would not ſuch Mercy bring?
Would it not raiſe thine endleſs praiſe,
more than our ſuffering?
With that they ceaſe, holding their peace,
but ceaſe not ſtill to weep;
Grief miniſters a flood to tears,
in which their words do ſteep.

CXXXIV.

CXXXIV.

But all too late; Grief's out of Date
when Life is at an end.
The glorious King thus answering,
all to his voice attend:
God gracious is, quoth he, like his
no Mercy can be found;
His Equity and Clemency
to sinners do abound.

CXXXV.

As may appear by those that here
are plac'd at my right hand;
Whose stripes I bore and clear'd the score
that they might quitted stand.
For surely none but God alone,
whose Grace transcends man's thought,
For such as those that were his foes
like wonders would have wrought.

CXXXVI.

And none but he such lenitie
and patience would have shown
To you so long, who did him wrong,
and pull'd his judgements down.
How long a space (O stiff neck'd Race!)
did patience you afford?
How oft did love you gently move
to turn unto the Lord?

CXXXVII.

With cords of Love God often strove
your stubborn hearts to tame:

Never-

Nevertheleſs, your wickedneſs
did ſtill reſiſt the ſame.
If now at laſt Mercy be paſt
from you for evermore,
And Juſtice come in Mercies room,
yet grudge you not therefore.

CXXXVIII.

If into wrath God turned hath
his Long-long ſuffering,
And now for Love your Vengeance prove,
it is an equal thing.
Your waxing worſe, hath ſtopt the courſe
of wonted Clemency:
Mercy refus'd, and Grace miſus'd,
call for ſeverity.

CXXXIX.

It's now high time that every Crime
be brought to puniſhment:
Wrath long contain'd, and oft refrain'd,
at laſt muſt have a vent.
Juſtice ſevere cannot forbear
to play ſin any longer;
But muſt inflict with hand moſt ſtrict
miſchief upon the wronger.

CXL.

In vain do they for Mercy pray,
the ſeaſon being paſt,
Who had no care to get a ſhare
therein, while time did laſt.
The men whoſe ear refus'd to hear
the voice of Wiſdom's cry, Earn'd

Earn'd this reward, that none regard
him in his misery.

CXLI.

It doth agree with Equitie,
and with God's Holy Law,
That those should dye eternally,
that death upon them draw.
The Soul that sin's damnation win's;
for so the Law ordains:
Which Law is just; and therefore must
such suffer endless pains.

CXLII.

Eternal smart is the desert
ev'n of the least offence;
Then wonder not If I allot
to you this recompence:
But wonder more, that since so sore
and lasting plagues are due
To every sin, you liv'd therein,
who well the danger knew.

CXLIII.

God hath no joy to crush or 'stroy,
and ruin wretched wights:
But to display the glorious ray
of Justice he delights.
To manifest he doth detest
and throughly hate all sin;
By plaguing it, as is most fit,
this shall him glory win.

CXLIV.

CXLIV.

Then at the Barr arraigned are
an impudenter sort,
Who to evade the guilt that's laid
upon them, thus retort;
How could we cease thus to transgress?
how could we Hell avoid,
Whom God's Decree shut out from thee,
and sign'd to be destroy'd?

CXLV.

Whom God ordains to endless pains
by Laws unalterable,
Repentance true, Obedience new,
to save such are unable:
Sorrow for sin no good can win
to such as are rejected;
Ne can they give, nor yet believe
that never were elected.

CXLVI.

Of man's faln Race who can true Grace
or Holiness obtain?
Who can convert or change his heart,
if God with-hold the same?
Had we apply'd our selves, and try'd
as much as who did most
Gods Love to gain, our busie pain
and labour had been lost.

CXLVII.

Christ readily makes this reply;
I damn you not because

You

You are rejected, or not elected,
but you have broke my Laws.
It is but vain your wits to ſtrain
the End and Means to ſever:
Men fondly ſeek to dart or break
what God hath link'd together.

CXLVIII.

Whom God will ſave, ſuch he will have
the means of life to uſe:
Whom he'l paſs by, ſhall chuſe to die,
and ways of life refuſe.
He that foreſees, and fore-decrees,
in wiſdom order'd has,
That man's free-will electing ill
ſhall bring his Will to paſs.

CXLIX.

High God's Decree, as it is free,
ſo doth it none compel
Againſt their will to good or ill;
it forceth none to Hell.
They have their wiſh whoſe Souls periſh
with torments in Hell-fire:
Who rather choſe their ſouls to loſe,
then leave a looſe deſire.

CL.

God did ordain ſinners to pain;
and I to Hell ſend none,
But ſuch as ſwerv'd, and have deſerv'd
deſtruction as their own.
His pleaſure is, that none from bliſs
and endleſs happineſs

Be barr'd, but such as wrong'd him much
by wilful wickedness.

CLI.

You (sinful crew!) no other knew
but you might be elect:
Why did you then your selves condemn?
why did you me reject?
Where was your strife to gain that life
which lasteth evermore?
You never knock't, yet say God lock't
against you Heavens door.

CLII.

'Twas no vain task to knock, to ask,
whilst life continued.
Who ever sought Heav'n as he ought,
and seeking perished?
The lowly-meek who truly seek
for Christ and for salvation,
There's no Decree whereby such be
ordain'd to condemnation.

CLIII.

You argue then; but abject men,
whom God resolves to spill,
Cannot repent, nor their hearts rent;
ne can they change their will.
Not for his *Can* is any man
adiudged unto hell:
But for his *Will* to do what's ill,
and nilling to do well.

CLIV.

I often stood tend'ring my Blood to

to wash away your guilt:
And eke my Sprite to frame you right,
lest your souls should be spilt.
But you, vile race, rejected Grace
when Grace was freely proffer'd:
No changed heart, no heav'nly part
would you, when it was offer'd.

CLV.

Who wilfully the remedy
of Grace and Life contemned,
Cause have the same themselves to blame,
if now they be condemned.
You have your selves, you and none else,
your selves have done to die:
You chose the way to your decay,
and perish'd wilfully.

CLVI.

These words a pale and daunt them all;
dismay'd, and all amort,
Like stocks they stand at Christs left hand,
and dare no more retort. (fear,
Then were brought near, with trembling
a number numberless
Of blind Heathen and bruitish men,
that did God's Law transgress.

CLVII.

Whose wicked ways, Christ open lays,
and makes their sins appear,
They making plea's the case to ease,
if not themselves to clear.

Thy written word (say they) good Lord
we never did enjoy:
We not refus'd nor it abus'd,
Oh do not us destroy!

CLVIII.

You ne're abus'd, nor yet refus'd
my written Word, you plead;
That's true, (quoth he) therefore shall ye
the less be punished.
You shall not smart for any part
of other mens offence,
But for your own transgression
receive due recompence.

CLIX.

But we were blind, say they, in mind;
too dim was natures light,
Our only guide (as hath been try'd)
to bring us to the sight
Of our estate degenerate,
and curst by *Adam*'s fall;
How we were born and lay forlorn
in bondage and in thrall.

CLX.

We did not know a Christ 'till now,
nor how faln man he saved:
Else should we not, right well we wot,
have so our selves behaved. (turn'd
We should have mourn'd, we should have
from sin at thy reproof,
And been more wise through thine advice
for our own Souls behoof. CLXI.

CLXI.

But natures light ſhin'd not ſo bright
to teach us the right way:
We might have lov'd it, and well improv'd it,
and yet have gone aſtray.
The Judge moſt high makes this reply;
you ignorance pretend,
Dimniſs of ſight, and want of light
your courſe Heav'n-ward to bend:

CLXII.

How came your mind to be ſo blind?
I once you knowledge gave,
Clearneſs of ſight, and judgement right;
who did the ſame deprave?
If to your coſt you have it loſt,
and quite defac'd the ſame;
Your own deſert hath caus'd your ſmart,
you ought not me to blame.

CLXIII.

Your ſelves into a pit of woe
your own tranſgreſſions led:
If I to none my grace had ſhown,
who had been injured?
If to a few, and not to you,
I ſhew'd a way of life,
My grace ſo free, you clearly ſee,
gives you no ground of ſtrife.

CLXIV.

'Tis vain to tell, you wot full well,
if you in time had known

Your Misery and Remedy,
your actions had it shown.
You, sinful crew, have not been true
unto the light of Nature;
Nor done the good you understood,
nor owned your Creator.

CLXV.

He that the Light, because 'tis Light,
hath used to despize,
Would not the Light, shining more bright,
be likely for to prize.
If you had lov'd and well improv'd
your knowledge and dim sight,
Herein your pain had not be vain,
your plagues had been more light.

CLXVI.

Then to the Bar all they drew near
who dy'd in infancy,
And never had or good or bad
effected pers'nally;
But from the womb unto the tomb
were straightway carried,
(Or at the least, e're they transgrest)
who thus began to plead.

CLXVII.

If for our own transgression,
or disobedience,
We here did stand at thy left hand,
just were the recompence:
But *Adam*'s guilt our souls hath spilt,
his fault is charg'd upon us;

And that alone hath overthrown,
and utterly undone us.

CLXVIII.

Not we, but he, ate of the Tree,
whose fruit was interdicted:
Yet on us all of his sad fall
the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin who had not been?
or how is his sin our
Without consent, which to prevent
we never had a pow'r?

CLXIX.

O great Creator! why was our nature
depraved and forlorn?
Why so defil'd, and made so vild
whilst we were yet unborn?
If it be just, and needs we must
transgressors reckon'd be,
Thy mercy, Lord, to us afford,
which sinners hath set free.

CLXX.

Behold, we see *Adam* set free,
and sav'd from his trespass,
Whose sinful fall hath split us all,
and brought us to this pass.
Canst thou deny us once to try,
or grace to us to tender,
When he finds grace before thy face,
that was the chief offender?

CLXXI.

Then answered the Judge most dread;

God doth such doom forbid,
That men should die eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old *Adam*'s Fall,
and only his trespass;
You call amiss to call it his:
both his and yours it was.

CLXXII.

He was design'd of all mankind
to be a publick Head,
A common Root whence all should shoot,
and stood in all their stead:
He stood and fell, did ill or well,
not for himself alone,
But for you all, who now his Fall
and trespass would disown.

CLXXIII.

If he had stood, then all his brood
had been established
In Gods true love, never to move,
nor once awry to tread:
Then all his Race my Fathers Grace
should have enjoy'd for ever,
And wicked Sprights by subtle sleights
could them have harmed never.

CLXXIV.

Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd
through *Adam* so much good,
As had been your for evermore,
if he at first had stood?

Would

Would you have ſaid, We ne're obey'd
nor did thy Laws regard;
It ill befits with benefits
us, Lord, ſo to reward?

CLXXV.

Since then to ſhare in his welfare
you could have been content,
You may with reaſon ſhare in this treaſon,
and in the puniſhment.
Hence you were born in ſtate forlorn,
with natures ſo depraved:
Death was your due, becauſe that you
had thus your ſelves behaved.

CLXXVI.

You think if we had been as he,
whom God did ſo betruſt,
We to our coſt would ne're have loſt
all for a paltry luſt.
Had you been made in *Adam*'s ſtead,
you would like things have wrought;
And ſo into the ſelf-ſame wo
your ſelves and yours have brought.

CLXXVII.

I may deny you once to try,
or Grace to you to tender,
Though he finds grace before my face
who was the chief offender:
Elſe ſhould my Grace ceaſe to be Grace,
for it ſhould not be free,
If to releaſe whom I ſhall pleaſe
I have not libertie.

CLXXVIII.

If upon one what's due to none
I frankly shall bestow,
And on the rest shall not think best
compassions skirt to throw,
Whom injure I? will you envy,
and grudge at others weal?
Or me accuse, who do refuse
your selves to help and heal?

CLXXIX.

Am I alone of what's my own
no Master or no Lord?
Or if I am, how can you claim
what I to some afford?
Will you demand Grace at my hand,
and challenge what is mine?
Will you teach me whom to set free,
and thus my Grace confine?

CLXXX.

You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners may expect,
Such you shall have, for I do save
none but mine own elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though ev'ry sin's a crime:

CLXXXI.

A crime it is; therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell:

But unto you I ſhall allow
the eaſieſt room in hell.
The glorious King thus anſwering,
they ceaſe, and plead no longer:
Their conſciences muſt needs confeſs
his Reaſons are the ſtronger.

CLXXXII.

Thus all mens plea's, the Judge with eaſe
doth anſwer and confute,
Until that all both great and ſmall,
are ſilenced and mute.
Vain hopes are cropt, all mouths are ſtopt,
ſinners have nought to ſay,
But that 'tis juſt, and equal moſt
they ſhould be damn'd for ay.

CLXXXIII.

Now what remains, but that to pains
and everlaſting ſmart
Chriſt ſhould condemn the ſons of men,
which is their juſt defert?
Oh ruful plights of ſinful wights!
Oh wretches all forlorn!
That happy been they ne're had ſeen
the Sun, or not been born.

CLXXXIV.

Yea, now it would be good they could
themſelves annihilate,
And ceaſe to be, themſelves to free
from ſuch a fearful ſtate.
Oh happy Dogs, and Swine, and Frogs!
yea, Serpents generation!

Who do not fear this doom to hear,
and sentence of Damnation!

CLXXXV.

This is their state so desperate:
their sins are fully known;
Their vanities and villanies
before the world are shown.
As they are gross and impious,
so are their numbers more
Than motes in th' air, or than their hair,
or sands upon the shore.

CLXXXVI.

Divine Justice offended is,
and Satisfaction claimeth:
God's wrathful ire kindled like fire
against them fiercely flameth.
Their Judge severe doth quite cashire
and all their Pleas off take,
That never a man, or dare, or can
a further Answer make.

CLXXXVII.

Their mouths are shut, each man is put
to silence and to shame:
Nor have they ought within their thought
Christs Justice for to blame;
The Judge is just, and plague them must,
nor will he mercy shew.
(For Mercy's day is past away)
to any of this crew.

CLXXXVIII.

CLXXXVIII.

The Judge is ſtrong; doers of wrong
cannot his Power withſtand:
None can by flight run out of ſight,
nor ſcape out of his hand.
Sad is their ſtate; for Advocate
to plead their Cauſe there's none:
None to prevent their puniſhment,
or miſery to be mone.

CLXXXIX.

O diſmal day! whither ſhall they
for help or ſuccour flee?
To God above, with hopes to move
their greateſt Enemie?
His wrath is great, whoſe burning heat
to flood of Tears can ſlake:
His word ſtands faſt, that they be caſt
into the burning Lake.

CXC.

To Chriſt their Judge? he doth adjudge
them to the Pit of Sorrow:
Nor will he hear or cry or tear,
nor reſpite them on morrow.
To Heav'n, Alaſs, they cannot paſs,
it is againſt them ſhut:
To enter there (O heavy chear!)
they out of hopes are put.

CXCI.

Unto their Treaſures, or to their Pleaſures?
all theſe have been forſaken:

Had they full Coffers to make large offers,
their Gold would not be taken.
Unto the place where whilome was
their birth and education?
Lo! Christ begins for their great sins
to fire the Earths foundation:

CXCII.

And by and by the flaming Sky
shall drop like moulten Lead
About their ears, t' increase their fears
and aggravate their dread.
To Angels good that ever stood
in their integrity,
Should they betake themselves, and make
their suit incessantly?

CXCIII.

They neither skill, nor do they will
to work them any ease:
They will not mourn to see them burn,
nor beg for their release.
To wicked men, their brethren
in sin and wickedness,
Should they make mone? their case is one;
they're in the same distress.

CXCIV.

Ah, cold comfort, and mean support
from such like Comforters!
Ah, little joy of Company,
and fellow-sufferers!
Such shall increase their hearts disease;
and add unto their wo,

Because that they brought to decay
themselves and many moe.

CXCV.

Unto the Saints with sad complaints,
should they themselves apply?
They're not dejected nor ought affected
with all their misery.
Friends stand aloof, and make no proof
what Prayers or Tears can do:
Your Godly friends are now more friends
to Christ then unto you.

CXCVI.

Where tender love mens hearts did move
unto a sympathy,
And bearing part of others smart
in their anxiety;
Now such compassion is out of fashion,
and wholly laid aside:
No friend so near, but Saints to hear
their judgement can abide.

CXCVII.

One natural Brother beholds another
in this astonied fit,
Yet sorrows not thereat a jot,
nor pities him a whit.
The godly Wife conceives no grief,
nor can she shead a tear
For the sad state of her dear Mate,
when she his doom doth hear.

CXCVIII.

He that was erst a Husband piere'd

with sense of Wives distress,
Whose tender heart did bear a part
of all her grievances,
Shall mourn no more as heretofore
because of her ill plight;
Although he see her now to be
a damn'd forsaken wight.

CXCIX.

The tender Mother will own no other
of all her numerous brood,
But such as stand at Christs right hand
acquitted through his Blood.
The pious Father had now much rather
his graceless Son should lye
In Hell with Devils, for all his evils
burning eternally:

CC.

Then God most High should injury
by sparing him sustain;
And doth rejoyce to hear Christs voice
adjudging him to pain.
Who having all (both great and small)
convinc'd and silenced,
Did then proceed their Doom to read,
and thus it uttered:

CCI.

Ye sinful wights, and cursed sprights,
that work Iniquity,
Depart together from me for ever
to endless Misery.

Your

Your portion take in that ſad Lake
where Fire and Brimſtone flameth:
Suffer the ſmart, which your deſart
as its due wages claimeth.

CCII.

Oh pierceing words more ſharp than Swords!
what, to depart from *Thee*,
Whoſe face before for evermore
the beſt of Pleaſures be!
What! to depart (unto our ſmart)
from thee *Eternally!*
To be for aye baniſh'd away
with *Devils* company!

CCIII.

What to be ſent to *Puniſhment*,
and flames of *Burning Fire!*
To be ſurrounded, and eke confounded
with God's *Revengeful Ire!*
What! to abide, no for a tide,
theſe Torments, but for *Ever!*
To be releaſed, or to be eaſed,
not after years, but *Never!*

CCIV.

Oh, *Fearful Doom!* now there's no room
for hope, or help at all:
Sentence is paſt which aye ſhall laſt,
Chriſt will it not recall.
There might you hear them rent and tear
the Air with their outcries:
The hideous noiſe of their ſad voice
aſcendeth to the skies.

CCV.

CCV.

They wring their hands, their caitiff-hands,
and gnash their teeth for terrour:
They cry, they rore for anguish sore,
and gnaw their tongues for horrour.
But get away without delay;
Christ pities not your cry:
Depart to Hell; there may you yell
and roar Eternally.

CCVI.

That word *Depart*, maugre their heart;
drives every wicked one,
With mighty pow'r, the self-same hour
far from the Judges Throne.
Away they're cast by the strong blast
of his Death-threatning mouth:
They flee full fast, as if in hast;
although they be full loath.

CCVII.

As chaff that's dry, and dust doth fly
before the Northern wind:
Right so are they chased away,
and can no Refuge find.
They hasten to the Pit of wo,
guarded by Angels stout:
Who to fulfil Christs holy Will
attend this wicked Rout.

CCVIII.

Whom having brought, as they are taught
unto the brink of Hell

(That

(That dismal place far from Christ's face
where Death and Darkness dwell:
Where God's fierce ire kindleth the fire,
and Vengeance feeds the flame
With piles of wood, and brimstone flood,
that none can quench the same.

CCIX.

With Iron bands they bind their hands
and cursed feet together,
And cast them all, both great and small,
into that Lake for ever.
Where day and night, without respite,
they wail, and cry, and howl
For tor'ring pain, which they sustain
in Body and in Soul.

CCX.

For day and night, in their despight,
their torments smoak ascendeth:
Their pain and grief have no relief,
their anguish never endeth.
There must they lye, and never dye;
though dying every day:
There must they dying ever lye;
and not consume away.

CCXI.

Dye fain they would, if dye they could
but death will not be had.
Gods direful wrath their bodies hath
for ev'r Immortal made.
They live to lye in misery,
and bear eternal wo:

And live they must whilst God is just,
that he may plague them so.

CCXII.

But who can tell the plagues of Hell,
and torments exquisite?
Who can relate their dismal state,
and terrours infinite?
Who fare the best, and feel the least,
yet feel that Punishment
Whereby to nought they should be brought,
if God did not prevent.

CCXIII.

The least degree of misery
there felt's incomparable:
The lightest pain they there sustain
more than intollerable.
But Gods great pow'r from hour to hour
upholds them in the fire,
That they shall not consume a jot,
nor by its force expire.

CCXIV.

But ah, the wo they undergo
(they more than all beside)
Who had the light, and knew the right,
yet would not it abide!
The sev'n-fold smart, which to their part
and portion doth fall,
Who Christ his Grace would not embrace,
nor hearken to his call!

CCXV.

The *Amorites*, and *Sodomites*, al-

although their plagues be sore,
Yet find some ease, compar'd to these,
who feel a great deal more.
Almighty God, whose Iron Rod
to smite them never lins,
Doth most declare his Justice rare
in plaguing these mens sins.

CCXVI.

The pain of loss their souls doth toss
and wond'rously distress,
To think what they have cast away
by willfull wickedness.
We might have been redeem'd from sin,
think they, and liv'd above,
Being possest of heav'nly rest,
and joying in Gods love.

CCXVII.

But wo, wo, wo our souls unto!
we would not happy be;
And therefore bear Gods vengeance here
to all Eternitie.
Experience and woful sence
must be our painful teachers,
Who n' ould believe, nor credit give
unto our faithful Preachers.

CCXVIII.

Thus shall they lye, and wail and cry,
tormented, and tormenting
Their galled hearts with poyson'd darts;
but now too late repenting.

There

There let them dwell i' th' flames of hell,
there leave we them to burn,
And back agen unto the men
whom Christ acquits return.

CCXIX.

The Saints behold with courage bold,
and thankful wonderment,
To see all those that were their foes
thus sent to punishment:
Then do they sing unto their King
a song of endless praise.
They praise his Name, and do proclaim,
that just are all his ways.

CCXX.

Thus with great joy and melody
to Heav'n they all ascend,
Him there to praise with sweetest layes,
and Hymns that never end.
Where with long Rest they shall be blest,
and nought shall them annoy:
Where they shall see as seen they be,
and whom they love, enioy.

CCXXI.

O glorious Place! where face to face
Jehovah may be seen,
By such as were sinners whilere,
and no dark vail between.
Where the Sun-shine, and Light divine,
of Gods bright Countenance
Doth rest upon them every one
with sweetest influence.

CCXXII.

O blessed state of the Renate!
O wond'rous Happiness (thought
To which they're brought, beyond what
can reach, or words express!
Grief's water-course, and Sorrow's sourse
are turn'd to joyful streams.
Their old distress and heaviness
are vanished like dreams.

CCXXIII.

For God above in arms of love
doth dearly them embrace,
And fills their sprights with such delights
and pleasures in his grace,
As shall not fail, nor yet grow stale
through frequency of use:
Nor do they fear Gods Favour there
to forfeit by abuse.

CCXXIV.

For there the Saints are perfect Saints,
and holy ones indeed,
From all the sin, that dwelt within
their mortal bodies freed: (Christs
Made Kings and Priests to God, through
dear loves transcendency,
There to remain, and there to reign
with him *Eternally*.

FINIS.

I Walk'd and did a little Mole-hill view;
Full peopled with a most industrious crew
Of busie Ants, where each one labour'd more
Than if he were to bring home Indian Ore;
Here wrought the Pioneers, there march'd the Bands,
Here Colonies went forth to plant new Lands:
These hasted out, and those supplies brought in,
As if they had some sudden Seige foreseen:
Until there came an angry Spade, and cast
Country and People to a Pit at last.

Again, I view'd a Kingdom in a Hive,
Where every own did work, and so all thrive;
Some go, some come, some war, some watch and ward, [guard.
Some make the works, and some the works do
These frame their curious waxen cells, & those
Do into them their Nectar drops dispose:
Until the greedy Gardner brought his smoke,
And, for the work, did all the workmen choke.

Lo here, frail Mortals may fit Emblems see
Of their great toil, and greater vanity. [time,
They weary out their brain, their strength, their
While some to Arts, and some to Honours climb:
They search earths bowels, cross the roring seas,
Mortgage their Souls, and forfeit all their ease,
Grudge night her sleep, & lengthen out the day,
To fat these bags, & cram those chests with clay,
They rack and charm each creature to explore

Some

Some latent Quinteſſence, *not known before:*
Torture and ſqueez out all its juice and blood,
To try if they can now find out that GOOD
Which Solomon *deſpair'd of, but at laſt*
On the ſame ſhore of Vanity *are caſt;*
The ſpade ſtops their career of Pride *and* Luſt,
And calls them from their Clay *unto their* Duſt.
Leave off your Circles, Archimede, *away,*
The King *of* Terrour *calls, and will not ſtay:*
Miſer, *kiſs all your* Bags, *and then ly down;*
Scholar, *your* Books; Monarch, *yield up your*
Crown: [*make room,*
Give way Wealth, Honour, Arts, Thrones, back,
That theſe pale Souls *may come unto their doom.*
Nor ſhew vain men *the fruit of all that pain,*
Which in the end nothing but Loſs *did* gain:
Compute your lives, *and all your* hours *up caſt,*
Lo here's the total ſum *of all at laſt.*
I roſe up early, ſat up late, to know
As much as man, as tongues, as books could ſhow;
I toil'd to ſearch all Science *and all* Art,
But died ignorant *of mine own* Heart.
I got great Honour, *and my* Fame *did ſtream*
As far as doth the Morning's ſhining Beam;
My Name *into a page of* Titles *ſwell'd,*
My head *a* Crown, *my* hand *a* Scepter *held:*
Ador'd without, but ſhameful luſts *within;*
Adorn'd with Titles, *but defil'd with* ſin. [*coſt*
With anxious thoughts, with ſaddeſt cares &
I gain'd theſe Lordſhips, *and this* Soul *I loſt:*

My greedy Heir now hovers o're my pelf,
I purchase Land *for him,* Hell *for my self.*
Go on you nobler Brains, *and fill your sight*
As full of Learning *as the Sun's of light;*
Expand your Souls to Truth *as wide as Day,*
Know all that Men, *know all that* Angels *say:*
Write shops of Volumns, *and let every* Book
Be fill'd with lustre as was Moses *look:*
Yet know, all this is but a better kind
Of sublime vanity, *and more refin'd:*
Except a saving knowledge crown the rest,
Devils know more, and yet shall ne'r be blest.

Go on, ambitious Worms, *yet, yet aspire,*
Lay a sure Scene how you may yet rise higher:
March forward, Macedonian Horn, *add on*
Gaza *to* Tyre, Indies *to* Babylon;
Make stirrups *of the peoples* backs *and* bones,
Climb up by them to Diadems *and* Thrones:
Thy Crowns *are all but* grass; *thine was the* toil,
Thy Captains *come, and they divide the* spoil.
Except one heav'nly Crown crown all the rest,
Devils are Pontentates, and yet not blest.

Go on, base dunghil-souls, *heap gold as mire,*
Sweep silver as the dust, emulate Tyre,
Fill every Ware-house, purchase every Field,
Add house to house, Pelion *on* Ossa *build;*
Get Mida's *vote to transubstantiate*
Whate're you please all into golden plate;
Build wider barns, sing requiem *to your heart,*
Feel your wealths pleasures only, not their smart.

Except

Except his Riches who for us was poor,
Do sweeten those which Mortals so adore;
Except sublimer wealth crown all the rest,
Devils have nobler Treasures, yet not blest.

Cease then from vain delights, & set your mind
That solid and enduring GOOD *to find,*
Which sweetens life and death, which will en- (crease
On an immortal Soul immortal peace;
Which will repleniſh and advance you higher
Then e're your own Ambition could aſpire.
Fear your great Maker with a child-like aw,
Believe his Grace, love and obey his Law.
This is the total work of man, *and this* (Bliſs.
Will crown you here with Peace, *and there with*
Be kind unto your ſelves, believe and try:
If not, go on, fill up your luſts and die.
Sing peace unto your ſelves; 't will once be known
Whoſe word ſhall ſtand, your Judg's *or your* own.
Crown thee with Roſe-buds, ſatiate thine eyes,
Glut every ſenſe with her own vanities:
Melt into pleaſures, until that which Luſt
Did not before conſume, rot into duſt: (read,
The Thrones *are ſet, the* Books *will ſtrait be*
Hell will her ſouls, & graves give up their dead,
Then there will be (*and the time is not far*)
Fire *on the* Bench, *and* Stubble *at the* Bar.

O ſinners ruminate theſe thoughts agen,
You have been Beaſts *enough, at laſt be* Men.
Chriſt *yet intreats, but if you will not turn,*
Where grace will not convert, there fire will burn.

A short Discourse about Eternity.

I.

WHat mortal man can with his span
mete out Eternity?
Or fathom it by depth of wit,
or strength of memory?
The lofty Skie is not so high;
Hell's depth to this is small:
The World so wide is but a stride,
compared herewithall.

II.

It is a main great Ocean,
without en Bank or Bound:
A deep Abyss, wherein there is
no bottom to be found.
This World hath stood now since the Flood
for thousand yeats well near,
And had before endured more
then sixteen hundred year:

III.

But what's the time from the Worlds prime
unto this present day,
If we thereby Eternity
to measure should assay?
The whole duration since the Creation,
though long, yet is more little,
If placed by Eternity,
than is the smallest tittle.

IV.

Tell every Star both near and far
in Heavens bright Canopie,
That doth appear throughout the year,
of high or low degree:

Tell

Tell every Tree that thou canſt ſee
in this vaſt Wilderneſs,
Up in the Woods, down by the Floods,
in thouſand miles progreſs:

V.

The ſum is vaſt, yet not ſo vaſt
but that thou mayſt go on
To multiply the Leaves thereby;
that hang thoſe Trees upon:
Add thereunto the drops, that thou
imagineſt to be
In *April* ſhowr's, that bring forth Flowr's
and Bloſſoms plenteouſly:

VI.

Number the Fowls and living Souls
that through the Air do flie,
The winged Hoſts in all the Coaſts
beneath the ſtarry Skie:
Count all the graſs as thou doſt paſs
through many a paſture land,
And dewy drops that on the tops
of Herbs and Plants do ſtand;

VII.

Number the Sand upon the Strand,
and Atoms of the Air;
And do thy beſt on Man and Beaſt
to reckon every Hair:
Take all the Duſt, if ſo thou luſt,
and add to thine account:
Yet ſhall the years of ſinners tears
the number far ſurmount.

VIII.

Nought joyn'd to Nought can ne're make ought;
nor Cyphers make a Sum;
Nor things Finite to Infinite
by multiplying come:

A Cockle-shell may serve as well
to lave the Ocean dry,
As finite things and Reckonings
to bound Eternity.

IX.

O happy they that live for ay
with Christ in Heav'n above!
Who know withal that nothing shall
deprive them of his love.
Eternity! Eternity!
Oh, were it not for thee,
The Saints in Bliss and Happiness
could never happy be.

X.

For if they were in any fear
that this their joy might cease,
It would annoy (if not destroy)
and interupt their peace:
But being sure it shall endure
so long as God shall live;
The thoughts of this unto their bliss
do full perfection give.

XI.

Cheer up, you Saints, amidst your wants
and sorrows many a one:
Lift up the head, shake off all dread,
and moderate your mone.
Your sufferings and evil things
will suddenly be past:
Your sweet Fruitions, and blessed Visions
for evermore shall last.

XII.

Lament and mourn you that must burn
amidst those flaming Seas:
If once you come to such a doom,
for ever farewell ease.

O sa

O ſad eſtate and deſperate,
that never can be mended
Until Gods will ſhall change, or till
Eternity be ended!

XIII.

If any one this Queſtion
ſhall unto me propound;
What, have the years of ſinners tears
no limits or no bound?
It kills our heart to think of ſmart;
and pains that laſt for ever;
And hear of fire that ſhall expire;
or be extinguiſh'd never.

XIV.

I'le anſwer make, (and let them take
my words as I intend them;
For this is all the Cordial
that here I have to ſend them)
When Heav'n ſhall ceaſe to flow with peace;
and all felicity:
Then Hell may ceaſe to be the place
of wo and miſery.

XV.

When Heav'n is Hell, when Ill is Well,
when Virtue turns to Vice,
When wrong is Right, when Dark is Light,
when Nought is of great price:
Then may the years of ſinners tears
and ſufferings expire,
And all the hoſts of damned ghoſts
eſcape out of Hell-fire.

XVI.

When Chriſt above ſhall ceaſe to love;
when God ſhall ceaſe to reign,
And be no more, as heretofore,
the worlds great Soveraign,

Or not be just, or favour lust,
or in mens sins delight:
Then wicked men (and not till then)
to Heav'n may take their flight.

XVII.

When Gods great Power shall be brought lower
by foreign Puissance;
Or be decay'd, and weaker made
through Times continuance:
When drousiness shall him oppress,
and lay him fast asleep:
Then sinful men may break their Pen,
and out of Prison creep.

XVIII.

When those in Glory shall be right sorry
they may not change their place,
And wish to dwell with them in Hell,
never to see Christ's face:
Then those in pain may freedom gain,
and be with glory dight:
Then hellish Fiends may be Christs Friends
and Heirs of Heaven hight.

XIX.

Then! Ah poor men! what! not till then
no, not an hour before:
For God is just, and therefore must
torment them evermore.
Eternity! Eternity!
thou mak'st hard hearts to bleed;
The thoughts of thee in miserie,
do make men wail indeed.

XX.

When they remind what's still behind,
and ponder this word *NEVER*,
That they must here be made to bear
Gods Vengeance for *EVER*:

The thought of this more bitter is
then all they feel beside:
Yet what they feel, nor heart of steel,
nor flesh of brass can 'bide.

XXI.

To lie in wo, and undergo
the direful pains of Hell,
And know withal, that there they shall
for ay, and ever dwell;
And that they are from rest as far,
when fifty thousand year,
Twice told, are spent in punishment;
as when they first came there.

XXII.

This, Oh! this makes Hell's fiery flakes
much more intollerable;
This makes frail wights, and damned sprights,
to bear their Plagues unable.
This makes men bite, for fell despite,
their very tongues in twain:
This makes them roar for great horrour,
and trebleth all their pain.

A Postscript unto the *READER*.

And now, good Reader, I return again
To talk with thee, who hast been at the pain
To read throughout, and heed what went before;
And unto thee I'le speak a little more.
Give ear, I pray thee, unto what I say,
That God may hear thy voice another day.
Thou hast a Soul, my friend, and so have I,
To save or lose a soul that cannot die:
A Soul of greater price than Gold or Gems,
A Soul more worth than Crowns and Diadems:

A Soul at firſt created like his Maker;
And of Gods Image made to be partaker:
Upon the wings of nobleſt Faculties
Taught for ro ſoar above the ſtarry skies,
And not to reſt, until it underſtood
It ſelf poſſeſſed of the chiefeſt Good.
And ſince the Fall, thy ſoul retaineth ſtill
The Faculties of Reaſon and of Will;
But Oh! how much deprav'd and out of frame,
As if they were ſome others, not the ſame.
Thine Underſtanding diſmally benighted,
And Reaſons eye in ſpir'tual things dim-ſighted,
Or elſe ſtark blind: Thy Will inclin'd to evil,
And nothing elſe, a ſlave unto the Devil;
That loves to live, and liv'eth to tranſgreſs,
But ſhuns the ways of God and Holineſs:
All thine affections are diſordered,
And thou by headſtrong paſſions art miſled.
What need I tell thee of thy crooked way,
And many wicked wandrings, every day?
Or that thy own tranſgreſſions are more
In number, than the ſands upon the ſhore?
Thou art a lump of wickedneſs become,
And mayſt with horrour think upon thy doom:
Until thy ſoul be waſhed in the flood
Of Chriſts moſt dear, ſoul-cleanſing precious blood:
That, that alone can do away thy ſin
Which thou wert born and haſt long lived in.
That, only that, can pacifie Gods wrath,
If apprehended by a lively faith,
Now whil'ſt the day and means of grace doth laſt,
Before the opportunity be paſt.
But if, O man, thou liv'ſt a Chriſtleſs creature,
And death ſupprize thee in a ſtate of nature,
(As who can tell but that may be thy caſe)
How wilt thou ſtand before thy Judges face?

When

When he shall be reveal'd in flaming fire,
And come to pay ungodly men their hire:
To execute due vengeance upon those
That know him not, or that have been his foes:
What wilt thou answer unto his demands,
When he requires a reason at thine hands
Of all the things that thou hast said, or done,
Or left undone, or set thine heart upon?
When he shall thus with thee expostulate;
What cause hadst thou thy Maker for to hate,
To take up arms against thy Soveraign,
And enmity against him to maintain?
What injury hath God Almighty done thee?
What good hath he withheld that might have won thee?
What evil or injustice hast thou found
In him, that might unto thy hurt redound?
If neither felt nor feared injury
Hath moved thee to such hostility:
What made thee then the Fountain to forsake,
And unto broken Pits thy self betake?
What reason hadst thou to dishonour God,
Who thee with Mercies never ceast to load?
Because the Lord was good, hast thou been evil,
And taken part against him with the Devil?
For all his cost to pay him with despite!
And all his love with hatred to requite!
Is this the fruit of Gods great patience,
To wax more bold in disobedience?
To kick against the bowels of his love!
Is this aright his bounty to improve?
Stand still, ye Heav'ns, and be astonished,
That God by man should thus be injured.
Give ear, O Earth, and temble at the sin
Of those that thine Inhabitants have been.
But thou, vile wretch, hast added unto all
Thine other faults, and facts so criminal,

The

The damning sin of wilfull Unbelief.
Of all Transgressors hadst thou been the chief;
Yet when time was, thou might'st have been set free
From sin, and wrath, and punishment by mee.
But thou wouldst not except of Gospel grace,
Nor on my terms eternal life embrace.
As if all thy breaches of Gods Law
Were not enough upon thy head to draw
Eternal wrath, thou hast despis'd a Saviour,
Rejected me, and trampled on my favour.
How oft have I stood knocking at thy door,
And been denied entrance evermore?
How often hath my Spirit been withstood,
When as I sent him to have done thee good?
Thou hast no need of any one to plead
Thy cause, or for thy Soul to intercede:
Plead for thy self, if thou hast ought to say,
And pay thy forfeitures without delay.
Behold, thou dost ten thousand Talents ow:
Or pay thy debt, or else to prison go.
Think, think, O man, when Christ shall thus unfold
Thy secret guilt, and make thee to behold
The ugly face of all thy sinful errours,
And fill thy face with his amazing terrours,
And let thee see the flaming pit of hell,
(Where all that have no part in him shall dwell)
When he shall thus expostulate the case:
How canst thou bear to look him in the face?
What wilt thou do without an Advocate,
Or plead, when as thy state is desperate?
Dost think to put off him with fair pretences?
Or wilt thou hide and cover thine offences?
Can any thing from him concealed be,
Who doth the hidden things of darkness see?
Art thou of force his power to withstand?
Canst thou by might escape out of his hand?

Dost

Doſt thou intend to run out of his ſight,
And ſave thy ſelf from puniſhment by flight?
Or wilt thou be eternally accurſt,
And 'bide his vengeance, let him do his worſt?
Oh, who can bear his indignations heat?
Or 'bide their pains of hell, which are ſo great?
If then thou neither canſt his wrath endure,
Nor any ranſome after death procure:
If neither Cries nor Tears can move his heart
To pardon thee, or mitigate thy ſmart;
But unto Hell thou muſt perforce be ſent
With diſmal horrour and aſtoniſhment:
Conſider, O my Friend, what cauſe thou haſt
With fear and trembling, while as yet thou mayſt;
To lay to heart thy ſin and miſery,
And to make out after the Remedy.
Conſider well the greatneſs of thy danger,
O child of wrath, and object of Gods anger.
Thou hangeſt over the infernal pit
By one ſmall thread, and car'ſt thou not a whit?
There's but a ſtep between thy ſoul and death:
Nothing remains but ſtopping of thy breath,
(Which may be done to morrow, or before)
And then thou art undone for evermore:
Let this awaken thy ſecurity,
And make thee look about thee ſpeedily.
How canſt thou reſt an hour, or ſleep a night,
Or in thy creature-comforts take delight?
Or with vain toys thy ſelf forgetful make
How near thou art unto the burning Lake?
How canſt thou live without tormenting fears?
How canſt thou hold from weeping floods of tears?
Yea, tears of blood, I might almoſt have ſaid,
If ſuch like tears could from thine eyes be ſhed.
To gain the world, what will it profit thee,
And loſe thy ſoul and ſelf eternally?

Eter-

Eternity on one small point dependeth:
The man is lost that this short life mis-spendeth.
For as the Tree doth fall, right so it lies:
And man continues in what state he dies.
Who happy die, shall happy rise again:
Who cursed die shall cursed still remain.
If under sin and wrath death leaves thee bound,
At Judgement under wrath thou shalt be found:
And then wo, wo that ever thou wert born
O wretched man, of Heaven and earth forlorn!
Consider this, all ye that God forget,
Who all his threatnings at nought do set,
Lest into pieces he begin to tear
Your Souls, and there be no deliverer.
O you that now sing care and fear away,
Think often of that formidable day,
Wherein the Heav'ns with a mighty noise,
And with an hidious heart-confounding voice,
Shall pass away together being roll'd.
As men are wont their garments up to fold:
When th' Elements with fervent heat shall melt,
And living creatures in the same shall swelt,
And altogether in those flames expire,
Which set the earth's foundations on fire.
Oh, what amazement will your hearts be in,
And how will you to curse your selves begin,
For all your damned sloth, and negligence,
And unbelief, and gross impenitence;
When you shall hear that dreadful Sentence past,
That all the wicked into Hell be cast?
What horrour will your Consciences surprise,
When you shall hear the fruitless-doleful cries
Of such as are compelled to depart
Unto the place of everlasting smart?
What, when you see the sparks flie out of Hell;
And view the Dungeon where you are to dwell,

Wherein

Wherein you must eternally remain
In anguish and intollerable pain?
What, when your hands and feet are bound together,
And you are cast into that Lake for ever?
Then shall you feel the truth of what you hear,
That hellish pains are more than you can bear;
And that those torments are an hundred fold
More terrible than ever you were told.
Nor speak I this, good Reader, to torment thee
Before the time, but rather to prevent thee
From running headlong to thine own decay,
In such a perillous and deadly way.
We who have known and felt Jehovah's terrours,
Perswade men to repent them of their errours,
And turn to God in time, e're his Decree
Bring forth, and then their be no remedie.
If in the night, when thou art fast asleep,
Some friend of thine, that better watch doth keep;
Should see thy house all on a burning flame,
And thee almost inclosed with the same:
If such a friend should break thy door and wake thee,
Or else by force out of the peril take thee:
What, wouldst thou take his kindness in ill part?
Or frown upon him for his good desert?
Such, O my friend, such is thy present state,
And danger, being unregenerate.
Awake, awake, and then thou shalt perceive
Thy peril greater then thou wilt believe.
Lift up thine eyes and see Gods wrathful ire
Preparing unextinguishable fire
For all that live and die impenitent.
Awake, awake, O sinner, and repent,
And quarrel not because I thus alarm
Thy Soul, to save it from eternal harm.
Perhaps thou harbourest such thoughts as these;
I hope I may enjoy my carnal ease

A little longer, and my self refresh
With those delights that gratifie the flesh:
And yet repent before it be to late,
And get into a comfortable state.
I hope I have yet many years to spend,
And time enough those matters to attend.
Presumptuous heart! is God engag'd to give
A longer time to such as love to live
Like Rebels still, who think to stain his Glory
By wickedness, and after to be sorry?
Unto thy lust shall he be made a drudge,
Who thee, and all ungodly men shall judge?
Canst thou account sin sweet, and yet confess
That, first or last, it ends in bitterness?
Is sin a thing that must procure thee sorrow,
And wouldst thou dally with't another morrow?
O foolish man, who loveth to enjoy
That which will thee distress or else destroy!
What gained *Sampson* by his *Dalilah*?
What gained *David* by his *Bathshebah*?
The one became a slave, lost both his eyes,
And made them sport that were his enemies:
The other penneth, as a certain token
Of God's displeasure, that his bones were broken.
Read, whoso list, and ponder what he reads,
And he shall find small joy in evil deeds.
Moreover this consider, that the longer
Thou liv'st in sin, thy sin will grow the stronger:
And then it will an harder matter prove,
To leave those wicked haunts that thou dost love.
The Blackmore may as eas'ly change his skin,
As old transgressors leave their wonted sin.
And who can tell what may become of thee,
Or where thy Soul in one days time may be?
We see that Death nor old nor young men spares,
But one and other takes at unawares.

For

For in a moment, whilſt men Peace do cry;
Deſtruction ſeizeth on them ſuddenly.
Thou, who this morning art a lively wight,
Mayſt be a Corps and damned Ghoſt e're night.
Oh dream not then, that it will ſerve the turn
Upon thy death-bed for thy ſins to mourn.
But think how many have been ſnatch'd away;
And had no time for Mercy once to pray.
It's juſt with God Repentance to deny
To ſuch, as put it off until they dy.
And late Repentance ſeldom proveth true:
Which if it fail, thou know'ſt what muſt enſue;
For after this ſhort life is at an end,
What is amiſs thou never canſt amend.
Believe, O man, that to procraſtinate,
And to put off until it be too late,
As 'tis thy ſin, ſo is it Satans wile,
Whereby he doth great multitudes beguile.
How many thouſands hath this ſtrong deluſion
Already brought to ruin and confuſion,
Whoſe ſouls are now reſerv'd in Iron Chains
Under thick darkneſs to eternal pains?
They thought of many years, as thou doſt now:
But were deceived quite, and ſo mayſt thou.
Oh then, my friend, while not away thy time,
Nor by Rebellion aggravate thy Crime.
Oh put not off Repentance till to morrow.
Adventure not, without God's leave, to borrow
Another day to ſpend upon thy luſt:
Leſt God (that is moſt holy, wiſe, and juſt)
Denounce in wrath, and to thy terrour ſay,
This night ſhall Devils fetch thy Soul away.
Now ſeek the face of God with all thy heart,
Acknowledge unto him how vile thou art;
Tell him thy ſins deſerve eternal wrath,
And that it is a wonder that he hath

Permitted

Permitted thee so long to draw thy breath,
Who might have cut thee off by suddain death,
And sent thy Soul unto the lowest Pit,
From whence no price should ever ransom it:
And that he may most justly do it still
(Because thou hast deserv'd it) if he will.
Yet also tell him, that if he shall please,
He can forgive thy sins, and thee release:
And that in Christ his Son he may be just,
And justifie all those that on him trust;
That though thy sins are of a Crimson dye,
Yet Christ his blood can cleanse thee thorowly.
Tell him, that he may make his glorious Name
More wonderful by covering thy shame.
That Mercy may be greatly magnify'd,
And Justice also fully satisfy'd,
If he shall please to own thee in his Son,
Who hath paid dear for Mans Redemption.
Tell him thou hast an unbelieving heart,
Which hindreth thee from coming for a part
In Christ: and that although his terrours aw thee,
Thou canst not come, till he be pleas'd to draw thee.
Tell him, thou know'st thy heart to be so bad,
And thy condition so exceeding sad,
That though Salvation may be had for nought,
Thou canst not come and take, till thou be brought:
Oh beg of him to bow thy stubborn will
To come to Christ, that he thy lusts may kill.
Look up to Christ for his attractive pow'r,
Which he exerteth in a needful hour;
Who saith, when as I lifted up shall be,
Then will I draw all sorts of men to me.
Oh wait upon him with due diligence,
And trembling fear in every Ordinance;
Unto his Call earnest attention give,
Whose voice makes deaf men hear, & dead men live.

Thus

Thus weep, & mourn, thus hearken, pray, and wait:
'Till he behold, and pity thine estate,
Who is more ready to bestow his Grace,
Then thou the same art ready to embrace.
Yea, he hath might enough to bring thee home;
Though thou hast neither strength nor will to come.
If he delay to answer thy Request;
Know that oft times he doth it for the best;
Not with intent to drive us from his dore,
But for to make us importune him more;
Or else to bring us duely to confess,
And be convinc'd of our unworthiness.
Oh be not weary then, but persevere
To beg his Grace, 'till he thy suit shall hear:
And leave him not, nor from his footstool go,
'Till over thee Compassion's shirt he throw.
Eternal life will recompence thy pains,
If found at last, with everlasting gains.
For if the Lord be pleas'd to hear thy cries,
And to forgive thy great iniquities,
Thou wilt have cause for ever to admire
And laud his Grace, that granted thy desire.
Then shalt thou find thy labour is not lost:
But that the good obtain'd surmounts the cost.
Nor shalt thou grieve for loss of sinful pleasures,
Exchang'd for heavenly joys and lasting treasures.
The yoke of Christ, which once thou didst esteem
A tedious yoke, shall then most easie seem.
For why? The love of Christ shall thee constrain
To take delight in that which was thy pain.
The ways of Wisdom shall be pleasant ways,
And thou shalt chuse therein to spend thy days.
If once thy Soul be brought to such a pass:
O bless the Lord, and magnifie his Grace.
Thou, that of late hadst reason to be sad,
May'st now rejoyce, and be exceeding glad;

For

For thy condition is as happy now;
As erst it was disconsolate and low.
Thou art become as rich, as whilome poor;
As blessed now, as cursed heretofore.
For being cleansed with Christs precious blood;
Thou hast an interest in the Chiefest Good:
God's anger is towards thy Soul appeased:
And in his Christ he is with thee well-pleased.
Yea, he doth look upon thee with a mild
And gracious aspect as upon his child.
He is become thy Father and thy Friend,
And will defend thee from the cursed Fiend.
Thou need'st not fear the roaring Lions rage,
Since God-Almighty doth himself engage
To bear thy Soul in Everlasting Arms,
Above the reach of all destructive harms.
Whats'ever here thy sufferings may be,
Yet from them all the Lord shall rescue thee:
He will preserve thee by his wond'rous might
Unto that rich Inheritance in light.
Oh sing for joy, all ye Regenerate,
Whom Christ hath brought into this blessed state:
O love the Lord, all ye his Saints, who hath
Redeemed you from everlasting wrath:
Who hath by dying made your Souls to live,
And what he dearly bought doth freely give.
Give up your selves to walk in all his ways,
And study how to live unto his praise.
The time is short you have to serve him here:
The day of your deliverance draweth near.
Lift up your heads, ye upright ones in heart,
Who in Christ's Purchase have obtain'd a part.
Behold! he rides upon a shining Cloud,
With Angels voice, and Trumpet sounding loud.
He comes to save his folk from all their foes,
And plague the men that Holiness oppose.
So come, Lord Jesus, quickly come we pray,
Yea, come and hasten our Redemption day.

A *SONG* of EMPTINESS, to fill up the *Empty Pages* following.

Vanity of Vanities.

VAin, frail, ſhort-liv'd and miſerable man,
Learn what thou art when thine eſtate is beſt;
A reſtleſs wave o th' troubled Ocean,
A Dream, a lifeleſs Picture finely dreſt.

A VVind, a Flower, a Vapour, and a Bubble,
A VVheel that ſtands not ſtill, and a trembling Reed,
A rolling Stone, dry Duſt, light Chaff, and Stubble,
A Shadow of ſomething, but nought indeed.

Learn what deceitful toys, and empty things,
This VVorld and all its beſt Enjoyments be:
Out of the Earth no true Contentment ſprings;
But all things here are vexing Vanitie.

For what is Beauty, *but a fading flower?*
Or what is Pleaſure, *but the Devils bait,*
VVhereby he catcheth whom he would devour,
And multitudes of Souls doth ruinate?

And what are Friends, *but mortal men, as we?*
VVhom Death from us may quickly ſeparate?
Or elſe their hearts may quite eſtranged be,
And all their love be turned into hate.

And

And what are Riches *to be doted on?*
Uncertain, fickle, and ensnaring things!
They draw mens Souls into Perdition,
And when most needed, take them to their wings.

Ah foolish man, that sets his heart upon
Such empty shadows, such wild-fowl as these
That being gotten will be quickly gone,
And whil'st they stay increase but his disease!

As in a Dropsie drinking drought begets:
The more he drinks, the more he still requires:
So on this World whose affection sets,
His Wealth's encrease encreaseth his desires.

O happy man, whose Portion is above, (him.
Where Floods, where Flames, where Foes cannot bereave
Most wretched man, that fixed hath his love
Upon this World, that surely will deceive him!

For what is Honour? *what is* Sov'raignty,
Whereto mens hearts so restlesly aspire?
Whom have they crowned with Felicity
When did they ever satisfie desire?

The Ear of man with hearing is not fill'd:
To see new sights still coveteth the Eye:
The croking Stomack though it may be still'd,
Yet crokes again without a new supply.

All earthly things mans cravings answer not;
Whose little heart would all the world contain,
(If all the world should fall to one mans Lot)
And notwithstanding empty still remain.

The Eastern Conquerour *was said to weep,*
When he the Indian *Ocean did view,*

To see his Conquests bounded by the Deep,
And no more worlds remaining to subdue.

Who would that man in his Enjoyments bless,
Or envy him, or covet his estate,
VVhose gettings do augment his greedinesse,
And make his wishes more intemperate?

Such is the wonted and the common guise
Of those on Earth that bear the greatest sway:
If with a few the case be otherwise,
They seek a Kingdom that abides for ay.

Moreover they of all the Sons of men
That Rule, and are in highest Places set,
Are most inclin'd to scorn their Brethren,
And God himself (without great Grace) forget.

For as the Sun doth blind the gazers eyes,
That for a time they nought discern aright:
So Honour doth befool and blind the wise,
And their own Lustre reaves them of their sight.

Great are their Dangers, manifold their Cares:
Through which, whilst others sleep, they scarely nap:
And yet are oft supprized unawares,
And fall unweeting into Envies Trap.

The mean Mechanick finds his kindly rest:
All void of fear sleepeth the Country Clown:
VVhen greatest Princes often are distrest,
And cannot sleep upon their Beds of Down.

Could Strength *or* Valour *men Immortalize,*
Could Wealth *or* Honour *keep them from decay,*
There were some cause the same to Idolize,
And give the lye to that which I do say:

But

But neither can such things themselves endure
Without the hazzard of a Change one hour;
Nor such as trust in them can they secure
From dismal days, or Deaths prevailing power.

If Beauty *could the beautiful defend*
From Deaths dominion, then fair Absalome
Had not been brought to such a shameful end:
But fair and foul unto the Grave must come.

If Wealth *or* Scepters *could Immortal make,*
Thou, wealthy Crœsus, *wherefore art thou dead?*
If Warlik Force, *which makes the* World *to quake,*
Then why is Julius Cæsar *perished?*

Where are the Scipio's, Thunderbolts *of war?*
Victorious Pompey, Cæsars *Enemie?*
Stout Hannibal, Rome's *Terrour, known so far?*
Great Alexander, *what's become of thee?*

If Gifts *and* Bribes *Deaths favour might but win,*
If Power *it force, or* Threatnings *might it fray;*
All these and more, had still surviving been:
But all are gone, for Death will take no Nay.

Such is this world with all her pomp and glory;
Such are the men whom worldly eyes admire:
Cut down by Time, and now become a Story,
That we might after better things aspire.

Go boast thy self of what thine heart enjoys,
Vain man! triumph in all thy worldly bliss:
Thy best Enjoyments are but trash and toys;
Delight thy self in that which worthless is.

Omnia prætereunt præter Amare Deum.

FINIS.